

## CHAPTER II.

ON June the 6th, I find myself within the hallowed precincts of the grand old city of the Puritans, fairly launched upon the ocean of independance both individual and national, an element vastly suited to my taste, and one which I had firmly resolved to revel in with all the delight and *almost* all the presumption of a thorough bred Yankee, for I had deemed it part of my travelling policy to stow away a good share of the latter to be used in seasonable self-defence against the shafts of enquiry peculiar to the polite inhabitants of the Hub. It is not my intention to dwell at any length upon the proceedings of the Peace Jubilee nor do I mean to enlarge on the merits of the wonderful anvil choruses, as performed upon a hundred anvils by a hundred able bodied musical heroes, those details I leave to the memories of those who either had the good fortune of hearing them or of hearing of them through the medium of the daily papers, but shall request my readers to accompany me to the domestic circle of which I found myself a member through the kind hospitality of my father's sister, who had been married and residing in Boston for upwards of twenty years; her union had not been blessed with offspring, a circum-